

For
Boys and Girls
Fountain Pens
Are Sure to
Please.



Birthday Presents that are Useful

Any girl or boy—any man or woman—would appreciate a good fountain pen. Every day of the year—almost every hour of the day—such a present can be put to a practical use. There are many makes of fountain pens. And many styles and sizes in the various makes. So if we can be of any service to you in helping you choose the best fountain pen on the market for your particular purpose, just drop in and see us.

J. O. COOK
DRUGGIST

HELPS DIRECT RAILROADS



Miss Frances Hawthorne Brady, daughter of Thomas Grayson Brady of Washington, D. C., is the first and only woman on the staff of the director general of railroads, William G. McAdoo. Miss Brady's capabilities make her a most handy person in any organization where directing ability and creative ideas are needed. Miss Brady was selected because of the ability and efficiency she has shown in Liberty loan work in the treasury. She is the second appointee of Mr. McAdoo as director general of railroads. Since leaving a finishing school in Washington Miss Brady has been prominent in all the affairs of the younger set, but when the war started she felt the call for patriotic duty and offered her services to the government.

MAKES SWEATERS FROM RAISING SHEEP ON UP

Seattle, Wash.—Six heavy sweaters which recently were given to the Sedro-Woolley branch of the Red Cross were made at home in the old-fashioned way. Mrs. S. D. Benson raised the sheep from which the wool was taken on her farm at Siskiyon. While experimenting with bark preparations Mrs. Benson discovered a way to dye the yarn in the regulation shades of gray and khaki, and finally knit the sweaters herself.

Conductorettes Capable.
New York.—Three hundred women conductors on New York street cars are making good. President Theodore P. Shonts of the Interborough Railroad company, has announced that the conductorettes are as efficient as men, equally honest and more polite.

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To Save the Wrecks of Humanity—To Fill the Hands Held Out to Us



Contributed by George Wright.

Pork! Pork! Pork!

Do not neglect your hogs.
Feed a Balanced Ration
and push them to maturity.

In this way you help our government, our army, our navy, our allies and yourself most of all.

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A MOTHER'S PROMISE TO HER SON

By KATHLEEN NORRIS

My Dear One—I'm writing this very, very small and on the thinnest of paper, so that tightly folded it may slip into one of the olive drab pockets of your new uniform without encroaching for the tiniest part of an inch upon all the new things that you must have there—the passports and identification slips and photograph, the knife and pen and writing pad, the lists and numbers and names and ciphers, the address book and the thin manual you have been studying so hard and the slim little Bible, for this letter is a part of your equipment, too, or at least I like to think that it is. I'm going to tell you in it just one or two of the things we've been trying not to say in these last days. You've said to yourself, haven't you, that there were possibilities that I, thank God, hadn't seemed to think of. You've marvelled gratefully, haven't you, that I could say goodbye with dry eyes and talk about what we should do when the war is over. My dear, there is nothing—nothing—that can happen to you that I haven't foreseen in every detail since May, since the very beginning of it all. I know that some of our men are not going to come back. I know—as I write this in the room you love—that your fingers may fumble for this little piece of paper in some dreadful hour, a month or two months or six months from now, just to read it over once more for the last time, just to feel in your fingers out there in a shell lighted battlefield something that I have touched—for goodbye. And thinking of all this for almost a year while you've been getting ready to go I've been getting ready to

stay. Just as you planned I planned, and I said to myself: "When the time comes for us to part I shall make him a promise." Dear one, this is my promise, and I make it for the term of your own—"for the duration of the present war." I promise you that while you are away, whether it is months or years, nothing except what I can give you and give all the others shall fill my life. I promise you that I shall devote myself here in safety, to the work of making what you do easier and stronger and safer for you. I promise you that I shall give—and give and give—for the Cause! Not the money I can spare, not the time I have left when everything else is done, but all the money, all the time, all the energy I have! Your whole life has been altered, has been set to sterner and graver music. So shall mine be. You will know self denial, privation and fatigue while the war lasts. So shall I know them. Even if black news comes, even if the blackest comes, I shall remember that against your brave heart this promise is resting, and I shall go on. And while there is one man among our million and among the millions of our allies who needs clothing and nursing and comforts and solace for your sake I shall not fail him. Perhaps in God's goodness this note will come safely back to me in the olive drab pocket, and we will snuff it over it together. But, remember, until that hour comes I shall be always busy filling my own small place in the great machine of mercy and as truly under the colors over here as you are over there. God bless you!

WHEN A CUP OF COFFEE TASTES LIKE A MILLION DOLLARS

He Got His Cup and Then Went on—to Death.

Through the establishment of the line of communication canteens in France the American Red Cross is setting records in serving hot coffee, cocoa and sandwiches to the troops. One of these refreshment units made another new record recently, serving more than 50,000 meals in one week. At another a cup of coffee was served every ten seconds for a period of two consecutive hours. In a single week these lines of communication canteens often serve 80,000 American and French soldiers. **Soldiers in Box Cars.** Do our soldiers and their allies really want this form of Red Cross service? A letter from a young American aviator, a 1917 graduate of Princeton University, is probably typical. It might be added that this man has since been reported killed after bringing down a German Taube. "A 50 mile train ride over here," he said, "instead of taking a few hours may take days. When we stop at a Red Cross canteen you can bet that a cup of coffee tastes like a million dollars." It is not always possible for a regiment to provide sufficient food and hot coffee on these long journeys, where the men must often be packed standing into unheated box cars ordinarily used for carrying horses. So imagine for yourself the warmth, the cheer, the comfort that piping hot coffee and good sandwiches bring to our boys after a night on such a journey! You can just bet that it stiffens a man's courage. Your Red Cross is handing out this renewed courage by the piping-hot cupful.

M. D. Kelly

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